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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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## Editorial.

THE communication which we int this week from an old friend of H. Conant will be read with parular interest by the many friends hose attention has been lately called the history of the Geneva church d its apostolic founder, in its semintennial celebration.

WE have not for a long time seen a finition of religion that pleased us tter than that given by our assote contributor, whose modest initial L" is so well known to our readers. Religion is a sense of relation. . . . To the conscious atom or indilual that sense of relation carries th it the sense of affinity, of obligan," etc.

h'e are indebted to a friend for copies of *Kindly Light*, a parish r published by the society at ca, N. Y., Rev. J. W. Scott, ir. Each number contains a in by the minister of the church, d dition to a printed prayer and eyf his pulpit discourses, by which ad uld seem he was equal to carryd.n the entire services if necessary. vhoScott has the following good nd to say on the labor question: igne right thing to do is the prosperous thing to do. Injustice to one is injustice to all. Not a class should be sacred to any privilege that is not the opportunity of all. Not for classes, not for masses should our upward and onward thought be, but for men—for man, that divine goal of the universe.

WE are in receipt of a pleasant note from Mr. Salter, thanking us for the editorial on "First Steps in Philosophy" which appeared in our columns two weeks ago, but adding that it has nothing to do with "Ethical Culture," *i. e.*, that in it he speaks for himself only, not in a representative sense; which distinguishes it somewhat from his other work, "Ethical Religion."

THE *Literary World* joins the *Nation* in finding Mr. Conway's work on Thomas Paine much too fulsome for that just and impartial estimate that deserves to be made final. It pronounces the style that of "a journalist-theologian," and condemns the taste of such chapter headings as "A British Lion with an American Heart" and "He suffered under Pontius Pilate," "Pilate's Gallant struggle to save Jesus from Lynchers." The book serves to show perhaps that like minds are not always the best exponents of each other, and that often a great man is better understood by those who differ s[illegible] that from him than by those who follow him without question.

OUR friend and associate, Dr. Hirsch, is one of the leading radical minds of the Reform Jewish denomination, yet he speaks on the subject of the Jewish Sunday in what might seem to many a very conservative way. "Not one of us," he writes in the *Reform Advocate*, "would dream of advocating either Sunday services or Sunday Sabbath, if our congregations were observing the old Sabbath." The reason for this disuse is a perfectly natural one and inevitable, arising from the business necessities that inhere in a civilization that has become the Jews only by loving adoption. This substitution of the Christian's Sunday is for the benefit of those who, without this, would be deprived of any other, and whose religious notions are sufficiently advanced to admit of a little flexibility in such matters. The Reform Jew has no desire to disturb either the principles or practice of his orthodox brother. Rather, we are told, he will "encourage him . . . to enjoy in his fashion the day which custom and tradition has distinguished."

AUSTRALIA is by no means a laggard in modern civilization, though after socialistic methods. She was the first country to introduce the eight-hour law and to establish the the state ownership of railroads, and she is steadily and hopefully at work on the solution of the questions of labor and capital and cognate industrial problems. She is now trying to establish boards of arbitration for the just and peaceful settlement of strikes and other popular disturbances of that order; and also at work on a bill to secure the loan of public money to needy farmers wishing to buy land at three per cent. This second measure will be regarded as an extreme one in many quarters, but perhaps one of our contemporaries is right in saying if government is to lend further private enterprises at all it is better to aid the poor than the rich, as is often done in the moneyed support won from the public treasury by large and powerful corporations.

DR. HALE, whom we rather speak of in full as Edward Everett Hale, received a warm greeting in London, the meeting gathered in his honor at Essex Hall rising to welcome him with acclamation as he took his place on the platform. A few other American guests were present, Revs. Carlton and Charles Staples, G. D. Latimer, Senator and Mrs. Hoar. Mr. D. Martineau moved, and Mr. Herford seconded the resolution of welcome. Mr. Hale made a short and eloquent plea for the religion of life and deed above that of creed. He would have Unitarians take for their motto, "With God, for man, in heaven."

A LETTER from Prof. G. Von Gizycki appears in the July number of the *Conservator*, a small monthly edited by Horace Traubel. Prof. Gizycki speaks enthusiastically of the late visit of Professor Adler to Germany and the effect produced by the delivery of two or three lectures on the work and teachings of Ethical Culture. A discourse given by him last March to a small company gave the first impulse to the formation of a society in that country, and upon his recall from London in July to address a larger audience the movement grew in strength and interest and is now fairly under way. Professor Gizycki is soon to translate Professor Adler's work, "Moral Instruction of Children," into German.

THE protest against our foolish and harmful mourning customs is renewed by Mary Elizabeth Blake in a late number of the *North American Review*. She condemns the custom of wearing black on the ground that it is unchristian, since "it clouds the spiritual significance of the resurrection with the ever present expression of temporal loss." It is also pronounced cruel, for it compels the observance of a useless practice from those who cannot afford the extra expenditure it involves. It is untruthful, making a show of grief where often little or none is really felt; and it is vulgar for the attention it demands from an indifferent or curious public to matters that should be kept sacredly private. Another reason might have been added, springing from our duty towards the living, who can not but suffer indirectly from the gloomy atmosphere imparted by the continual wearing of black with the ugly accompaniment of crape. Especially should we think of the effect upon children, and the unconscious inculcation in superstitious ideas this and many other mourning customs entail. We do not diminish the sadness of death by these external trappings, and we do add to its terrors, besides cheating the life that remains, of its due proportion of cheer and sunshine.

IN another column we have spoken of Dr. Hirsch's opinions on the Jewish Sabbath. In the same number of the *Advocate* we learn something of his views on the subject of the intermarriage of Jews and Christians. Such marriages the rabbi does not oppose but he speaks with severe condemnation of those pretended conversions that so often precede these unions. If marriages of this kind are dangerous to the cause of Judaism the danger is not removed by "countenancing exercises, which to our understanding, are not free from the suspicion of dishonesty." He adds with much force that "conversion under these circumstances is apt to add a bitter drop to the cup of felicity by insisting upon a sacrifice on the part of one, which sooner or later will become a disturbing element." The writer of these words is as thoroughly loyal as a Jew as he is free and upright as a thinker.

OUR friend, E. P. Powell, writing in the *Evolutionist*, defends evolution against the charge of pessimism. Of the various forms of pessimistic thought afloat, he finds that of Mr. Maudsley, the most "fascinating." His clear style and keen logic make him the ablest champion of this philosophy. Mr. Maudsley, like others, is a pessimist by reason of the stress he puts upon the principle of dissolution at work in and along with evolution, but Mr. Powell thinks a full answer can be given him here in the fact that "the history of man, as of life altogether, has been ever forward, rising from higher to higher intellectual and moral stages." The pessimism that finds a voice in American literature is also touched upon, but this Mr. Powell rightly characterizes as Byronic rather than philosophic. He thinks "optimism a duty in literature." The real test lies in our own disposition, "Am I disposed to go ahead?" The answer to this question is the answer to the larger one respecting the worth of life in general.

### The Spirit of the New Religion.

The first thing to be said about the spirit of the new religion is that it is a spirit. Not a dogma, not a declaration of faith or principle, no merely abstract proposition, however manifest and simple, but something which lies beneath all these, struggling through these for some true, life-giving expression of itself; that aspiring purpose in the heart of man towards goodness which is the same in Christian or pagan, the radical and the devout thinker, skeptic and believer. For the spirit of religion, new or old, is but man's spirit, showing itself in different ways according to the light and leading of the age in which he lives.

What are some of the characteristics of this spirit—its chief characteristic? Is it that religious breadth and tolerance on which the present day so justly prides itself? Is it found in those intellectual gains wrought by the new learning, which has so revolutionized thought and belief on these questions? Is it the soul's love of freedom, so hardly won? It is something much better than any of these. Not breadth of view, alone, nor wider knowledge, nor mental freedom, is the best sign and product of the new faith, though each has contributed so largely to it and is daily adding new gifts and powers. Rather is this new religious spirit one of simple loving trust in our fellow-

man. This may seem a very trite statement of a truth, well understood, but it is too often understood in a theoretic sense only. It is a truth that has made but small progress in its mere enunciation as a rule or principle. Rightly understood, it will be found to relate far less to the different creeds and opinions by which men are separated than to man himself. Man's personal need of this trust and sense of brotherhood is far greater than his need as a thinker, though the need be fulfilled in this order. Channing's formula about the "dignity of human nature" contained all the implications of just conduct, mutual trust and goodwill among differing minds, which constitute the very essence of rational belief; though such was the state of thought at that time that this famous dictum received an intellectual application chiefly. This mental tolerance is now fairly established. The new movement which demands room for all and favors to none, is in full swing and will be carried by its own momentum to those triumphs so ardently anticipated. But its mission will be only half accomplished in such triumphs. Along with the mental liberation thus effected must be found a heart growth and sanctification, by which the spirit of human trust reveals itself on the near and personal side of life. This trust will show itself in countless ways, hard to name, but culminating as final result, in a man's character, his general estimate of his fellows, the prevailing tone of his conversation, his every-day behavior and personal atmosphere and presence. Here alone are to be found the real fruits of a man's creed or philosophy. This is what we mean when we talk about character in religion, words whose tremendous import is apt to be lost in their glib and frequent utterance; so little are character results won on the larger, more open and conspicuous fields of conduct, so almost wholly do they spring from the inner private side of human experience.

This spirit of trust once understood in all its obligations banishes every trace of dogmatism, that love of rule and ownership which springs far more from temperament than belief and which may show itself in the personal behavior of the most liberated man or woman long after it has been rejected and denounced in its intellectual bearings. We must learn to respect not only another's right to a differing opinion but the mental integrity for which that opinion stands. We must learn that truth, like happiness, is found by the wayside, and is not confined to some distant goal which but few of life's runners can reach. Each and every man has a share.

C. P. W.

## Dr. Abbott and the Trinity.

The rationalistic mind can never quite recover its surprise over the continued discussion of themes like the above, in a day of stirring practical thought; and in this case surprise deepens into incredulity over the character of the argument. It is analogical and runs like this: How, it is asked, does a musician know Liszt? First, through the study of his compositions, by which a knowledge is gained of the artist only; next, through the reading of his life, by which some historical knowledge of the man is reached. Lastly, our musical student travels across seas in search of further instruction, placing himself under the master's care, and thus gains a personal knowledge before absent. All knowledge, we are next told, partakes of this threefold character. The three factors of knowledge which help man's thought of God are derived from external nature, the history of the race and individual experience. We may not greatly object to the reasoning thus far, but it is difficult to see how these three kinds or degrees of knowledge prove the triune nature of the subject studied. We do not understand the Brooklyn divine tries to prove this with regard to the composer of the *Raphsodies Hongroise*, whose single personality remains unimpeached; yet we do not see why the same conclusion does not follow here as elsewhere.

Dr. Abbott reverts naturally to Unitarianism, saying many of those complimentary things we are accustomed to hear from such sources, which spring equally from honest admiration and deep-grounded distrust. Unitarianism, we are here told, made a necessary protest against the teaching that there were three gods. That, however, is not the true teaching on this subject. There are not three gods, but "three Persons in one God." The intention here is excellent, being plainly to make the problem quite easy, but which becomes still more difficult to the Unitarian understanding; though that may only show how much more agile and comprehensive the progressive orthodox mind is on such points. There is only one God, we are very positively and encouragingly told, but it is one God speaking through the three voices of nature, history and individual experience. This presents us with a new conception of the ventriloquistic properties attaching to certain popular notions of divinity. We wish, too, we knew the precise line of demancation between human history and experience; since we can not conceive of any chapter of history that was not at one time mere personal experience of people more or less prominent in the world's affairs, nor of the obscurest man's experience that is not in a sense history; but this is a minor point.

Continuing in the same strain of mingled praise and blame, the reverend doctor condemns the Unitarian system, (chiefly, we suspect that it is not a system, a sad fault in the eyes of some Unitarians themselves,) because it is but three separated strands! "Nature saying nothing but that there is an infinite and eternal energy, and life saying nothing but there are in men high and noble aspirations, and Jesus Christ saying nothing but that there has been once in history a wondrous man." To us these "nothings" seems very rich and full in strong affirmative declarations, but to the liberal evangelical they are of doubtful and dangerous tendency until bound together with some thought or explanation of his own. "When these three strands are woven together in one divine thread, each interprets the other." Unitarianism commits the mistake, and incurs the risk, that comes from accepting these evidences of divine power and beneficence as he finds them, which progressive Christianity is afraid to trust without the supposed additional testimony derived from the believer's particular notion about such evidences. For that is all we can see in this piece of metaphysical, untaxed binding twine, with which the successful harvester of Plymouth is trying to unite into one the Unitarian's separated strands of faith.

We do not mean to be disrespectful. More learned and close reasoners than Dr. Abbott have fallen into the error of deifying consciousness above those contents of consciousness supplied by the action of forces outside itself, the solving power of man's intellect above the thing to be solved, a human conclusion above a divine enigma. That is the peculiarity of the metaphysical cast of mind wherever found, in in Aquinas's day or our own.

C. P. W.

## God and Religion.

According to the *International Journal of Ethics*, Mr. Mackenzie of Manchester, England, recently said, apologizing for the boldness of the expression: "No generous spirit desires now that God may *save him*; but all generous spirits, some of them, almost despairing of the possibility of it, *desire to save God*." This was said before the Ethical Society of London.

I suppose this was spoken from the standpoint of an ideal positivism of a man touched with a sense of the divine in humanity.

There is a sense in which the ecclesiastic says it with a great fear lest God is being lost out of the world, or out of men's minds by the encroachments of science, or the engrossments of business. And it grows more and more uncertain how long God can be saved to modern thought by the dogmatic systems of Christianity, or rather it grows more certain from year to year, that these creeds no longer command the allegiance of thinking men as once they did.

There are those who say, Without God, no religion. If this means life without an ideal, life with no conception of a power or goodness higher than one finds in his own experience it may be admitted. But if it mean that the God of the prevalent systems of faith is outgrown, that is another matter. Religion may be the gainer by it, and all the more firmly established. Religion, in its elementary and eternal essence, is *a sense of relation*;—of the part to the whole, of the particular to the universal, of the atom to the all of the human soul to the over-soul, of the finite to the infinite.

To the conscious atom or individual, that sense of relation carries with it the sense of affinity, of obligation, the need of conformity or obedience; as of the lesser to the larger, as of the subject to the cosmic law.

Indeed, according to Plato, in the Timaens, the universe is the only begotten and living organism of God—body and soul in one—of which all creatures and atoms are related parts. From this idea of God it is hard to escape. For the universe is neither easily ignored in our experience or outgrown in our thought. If God, then, be one with the universe, or that be the one expression of his being and of his will, it is hard to see how man will ever leave behind him the sentiment of religion or the sense of duty. The form or expression of it may vary, but nothing can efface or alter the great reality.

L.

## Men and Things.

It is said that the books of Robert Browning have more sale in England than those of any dead poet except Shakespeare.

The mother of the young King of Servia, the ex-Queen Natalie, has written a drama bearing the title "The Mother." It is intended, according to the foreign papers, to protray her own unhappy life while occupying the Servian throne, and her struggles to keep her son under her protection.

There is a Protestant church at Mitchell, Ind., that is pronounced by one of our exchanges thirty years behind the times, because two members were recently expelled, who had expressed, a desire for an organ in the church and the use of lesson leaves in the Sunday-school.

A memorial fund is being raised in England for the late Mr. Spurgeon. It will be used to aid those institutions founded by him, to erect a suitable monument over his resting-place in Norwood cemetery and another in the grounds of the Stockwell Orphanage.

We are requested to state that Ida M. Gardner, concerning whose work in the educational field a note appeared in Unity some time ago, has not been engaged to lecture under the auspices of the University Extension Bureau, having relinquished such work to found the Warren Academy.

Dr. E. G. Hirsch is at Plymouth w he is taking part in the School for App Ethics, giving a course of lectures on " ligion in the Talmud."

Edward Bellamy regards the event Homestead as a movement toward natio ism, and Johann Most regards them step toward anarchy. The *Boston Glob* marks upon this that other people l looked into a mirror before now, and tho they were looking out of a window inste

There is a method in the madness of writer Jules Verne, who, we read, w his extraordinary stories in a little r crowded with charts, electrical appar and scientific instruments. It is said even in his most imaginative flights keeps as close as he can to the lin scientific possibility.

Henry Irving is fond of relating a l incident that occurred to him when i Dorsetshire village last summer. Wl passing a group of children one of t eyed him so sharply that the actor s "Well, little girl, do you know m "Yes, sir," was the reply, "you are o 'Beecham's Pills.'" She had seen his in one of their advertisements.

A movement is under way at Horsh near which place the poet Shelley was b to establish as a permanent memori Shelley Library and Museum. It will sorb the other libraries in the town. circular recommending the scheme h number of distinguished signatures, am others those of Tennyson, Lord Coleri Henry Irving and Archdeacon Farrar.

The Jenness-Miller movement and dress reform agitation in general, was sta in just the nick of time; since statistics us that the amount of whalebone now ta annually does not exceed 200,000 pou less than half the amount of a few y ago. This raises the price wholesale f 50 cents to $6.00 per pound. Nature reformed sentiment seem to be work hand in hand here.

Marion Crawford's father, Tho Crawford, the sculptor, was an Amer who went to Italy at the age of twenty and lived in Rome almost constantly u he died in London, aged forty-four. Crawford is reported as defending hi against the charge of self-expatriatio saying, "It will be granted by reason people that a man who lives by his w should establish himself wherever he find an abundance of raw material suit the exercise of his craft."

The third annual meeting of the Cen Conference of the Association of Amer Rabbis was held last week in the Ten Beth-El, in this city. About two hun rabbis were present. Rabbi Isaac M. W of Cincinnati, was chairman. Among topics discussed were the following: " mation and Judaism," "The Proselyte Q tion," "Conference, Ritual, and Pra Book," "Is Reformed Judaism Destruc or Constructive?" "The Relation of Am can Judaism to the Public Schools of Country."

Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. chairman of the general committee on ligious congresses in connection with World's Fair, reports a very favorable sponse to the plan of holding a parlia of religions, August 25 to September 3, year. From Iceland to Australia schola all religious faiths are looking forward great interest to this phenomenal con tion. A large representation is prom from Japan. The journals and mission and many of the native scholars of India discussing the plans with growing inte and favor.

It should not surprise the Amer reader of the daily press to learn that bert Spencer was lately offered the nom tion of Alderman, but it does, and announcement creates a smile as well little do we think of any man of di guished merit or reputation as a poss candidate for political office, unless the highest. But though the honor was clined it remains true that men of al equal fame in the same lines of work d cept these places of lower trust and resp bility, and find time to perform their full as public-spirited citizens. The case of John Lubbock as president of the Lon County Council is one in point.

Some notion of the importance atta to the caste idea in India may be gath from the following anecdote, going rounds of the press: A Fryzabad Hindu been restored to his caste by the follo process of "purification": He lost caste ing cooked food in a railway carria which persons of another caste were tra ing. He had to pay his own weight firs rice, the value reaching 180 rupees, and in wheat. After being twice weighed in way he was made to sit on a sharp st while his body was covered with man the face only excepted; he was then t up by two men and thrown into the r and after a bath he was received by the B mans, fully restored to caste fellowship.

## Contributed and Selected.

### Hymn.

Thou art lowing in Thy kine,
And bleating in Thy sheep;
Thy singing is Thy happy birds,
Thy chanting, oceans deep.

Thou art blowing in Thy winds,
And shining in Thy sun;
Thou ripenest the growing grain,
And all the saps that run.

Thy tenderness is baby's face,
Thy blushes are the grapes;
No thing's within Thy universe
But that Thy loving shapes.

Creation is Thy coming forth
To do Thy holy will;
And every voice when truest heard
Is saying, "Peace! be still!"

And so I live eternal life,
And nothing ever dies;
What we are naming death is but
Some fuller life's surprise.

—*J. W. Scott, in Kindly Light.*

### The New Resolution.

In UNITY, June 16, Mr. Gannett ys that the New Resolution "costs e *distinctness* of the ethical position" the Conference; and that it "conits to dim its principle in a haze of ords."

The ethical principle is in the preuble; it is distinctly recognized by e resolution, and is not changed by ; it is not less distinct than before; is squarely reaffirmed; it is not, id can not be, dimmed by a resolon which reasserts it.

The resolution is not a "haze of ords." It is clear, concise, free om ambiguity. It would be difilt, perhaps impossible, to select ords which would more clearly exess its exact meaning.

Mr. Gannett to show how he finds e "haze" writes out what he thinks xpresses the meaning of the resolon as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Conference reaffirms preamble, that is, its purely "ethical sis" of fellowship, and its declaration that y statement of doctrinal beliefs it makes, but a statement of the day, always open re-statement, and to be regarded only as e thought of the majority; *but*, while affirming this it hereby expressly declares to be its general aim and purpose to *mit its missionary work to the particular atement of beliefs set forth in Chicago in 87.*

Now read the new resolution, which as follows:

*Resolved*, That the general aim and purse of the Conference is to promulgate a ligion in harmony with the foregoing reamble and statement.

How can Mr. Gannett assert that is clear-cut resolution of twentywo words, means that which is set rth in his resolution of eighty ords! The resolution does not say at the Conference reaffirmes its reamble, *but* limits its missionary ork to the particular statement of eliefs. There is no "*but*" between e preamble and statement; it is preamble *and* statement."

Mr. Gannett quotes from the June *Initarian* to prove that his explanaon of the resolution is correct; but the uotation proves the reverse. It says: 'In adopting the new resolution the onference adds a forward step, makg its common aim to be theistic s well as ethical." That does not mit the missionary work to the tatement.

Mr. Sunderland presented a resolon which contained no reference to he preamble; it was not adopted, but he resolution adopted was offered by Mr. Fenn as a substitute. Mr. Ganett argues from this that Mr. Fenn's esolution means the same as the one roposed by Mr. Sunderland. The rgument is not sound. Suppose that he resolution introduced by Mr. underland had been the resolution bove quoted from Mr. Gannett's article, and that the new resolution had been offered as a substitute and adopted; would Mr. Gannett say that the new resolution means the same as that quoted from him? Is it possible that two resolutions so widely different can mean the same thing?

Mr. Gannett says that there is a difference of opinion as to the meaning of the resolution hence "*the thing is haze.*" Not so. The resolution says that the aim of the Conference is to promulgate a religion in harmony with the *preamble and* statement. It is not haze because somebody says it reaffirms the ethical principle "*but*" limits the work to the statement.

Mr. Gannett says: "The sting of a creed lies in its compulsion and limitation;" implying that the resolution compels the adoption of the statement and is a limitation on freedom. This can not be because the preamble remains in full force, distinct, undimmed; binding nobody by declarations of doctrine; and affirming that the statement is always open to re-statement, and is to be regarded only as the thought of the majority.

UNITY, of June 23, contains an editorial, "Fatness or Clearness, Which?" and a ten column sermon by Mr. Jones on this subject. The editorial charges the Conference with preferring fatness to clearness; and the sermon accuses the conference of "juggling with words."

The editorial states its fundamental question thus: "Is an ethical basis compatible with a theological one?" An ethical basis *is* compatible with a theological *opinion*. The preamble, "statement" and resolution do not combine an ethical basis, and a theological basis. The preamble declares in effect that the "statement" is not a basis; that it is ephemeral; good for to-day for those who want it, subject to change to-morrow; binding on nobody. The resolution does not change the preamble.

The sermon declares that the one "separating influence in the world to-day is theology, dogmatic theology." It objects "to any attempt to enforce the conclusion of one mind upon another, to pledge the future to any of these formulas." It says that confusion increases if you pledge to promulgate a religion as inclusive as ethics, and in harmony with a series of beliefs. It asks whether there is no difference between the religion of the open hand and that which starts with an "I believe" and ends with a "You must believe if I work with you."

All mere men of straw. Considering these four points in their order, as to the first the reply is—the conference has no *dogmatic* theology—because it has no authoritatively settled doctrine. It is not just to charge the Conference with being dogmatic, because it expresses an opinion which it declares has no authority and is binding on nobody. As to the second point: The Conference has made no attempt to enforce a conclusion, nor to pledge the future. To promulgate before breakfast what you believe, accompanied by a caution to others not to be in a hurry to adopt such belief, because you may change it after dinner, is not much of an attempt to enforce a conclusion, or pledge the future. As to the third point: There is no confusion in promulgating ethical principles, and at the same time announcing (promulgating) a series of your beliefs which you accompany with the preamble which leaves others free to believe as you do or not. What harm can come from telling others what you believe? That is done every time that the preamble and statement are published.

As to the fourth point: The religion of the Conference does not start with an "I believe" and end with a "You must believe if I work with you." In the sermon Mr. Jones specifies the religion which he wants—it is, "the religion based, not upon theology, but upon ethics"; and this religion he says, is not based upon a belief in God.

There is no such thing as a religion based upon ethics alone. Theism is the basis of every religion. The word religion contains the recognition of a superhuman power. The word Unitarian is theistic—a Unitarian Conference must be theistic. No one who has adopted the word "Unitarian" and desires to have a religion can consistently censure the Conference because it proposes temporarily to promulgate a religion in harmony with a preamble and statement which contains a homeopathic recognition of theism.

The Conference has been for the last five years promulgating, publishing, making known, a religion in harmony with the preamble and statement. That work would *probably* have been continued if the new resolution had not been adopted. Its adoption practically *requires* the Conference to continue this work of the last five years; and the basis of fellowship is not changed by the resolution.

So long as the majority of Unitarians and the Conference accept the statement and the ethical preamble, so long the Conference can do no less than promulgate, publish, make known, a religion in harmony therewith. But there is no pledge as to an indefinite future.

E. A. WEST.

## Correspondence.

EDITOR UNITY:—*Dear Sir:* Reading in a recent number of UNITY I came across "Fifty Years Old," which carried me back to the New England of sixty years ago, where, at the foot of the Green Mountains, dwelt my dearest girl friend, sister of A. H. Conant.

Her parents were Baptists of the old orthodox type who brought their children up according to that belief. My friend was naturally of a vivacious disposition, a strong champion for the right and an earnest seeker after truth. Her mind was too active and intense for its frail tenement. The great question of salvation was, to her, a question of life and "eternal death," as well as to myself, who trembled beneath the terrible denunciations of the ministers of the gospel. (?) Neither of us dared to ask instruction upon the vital subject of our thoughts, well knowing the condemnation we should receive.

What most astonished us was the apathy of Christians in view of the threatened, endless misery of children and friends. How could they sleep or rest, one moment while sinners were "out of the ark of safety"?

Then to think of my friend, so loving and pure-minded, so innocent of wrong to any human being, whose heart so yearned after the Saviour's love, that *she* was under the curse of God's wrath! Much as we longed to "obtain the religion" talked of, we experienced no such supernatural change of heart as others professed to enjoy, and only they who sat under the preaching of those early days can at all appreciate the suffering, the agony of a sensitive soul while listening to it.

It is surprising that at the ages of fourteen and fifteen the paramount object of our lives was, to be assured of "salvation from hell."

We were separated. My father's family emigrated to the "far West," and a few years later, my friend married and removed to the prairie near the little village of Chicago.

I hoped now that new cares and change of scene would bring her happiness, especially since her ideal husband was superior to the gentlemen she had known in her country home. Well, here in this then new country, I first heard a liberal sermon, the "gospel of glad tidings of great joy." The news seemed too good to be true, and it was a long time and through earnest study, that I finally believed that God was good and his tender mercies were over *all* his works.

After all these years, I shudder when I think of the terrible dogmas taught in my childhood. Of course, my first efforts were used in behalf of my friend, hoping to relieve her mind from the incubus constantly preying upon it, but her life-long suffering fear of the future were so interwoven with her very existence that she dared not trust all to God's love. She said, "I fear that I am given over to hardness of heart. Nothing seems to affect me much since you and I were separated. I can not even weep to relieve the tension of my heart and brain. I rejoice that you are happy, even though it makes the chances less of our meeting hereafter.

"It seems to me that I grow more careless about my soul's salvation, yet, when I think of God's goodness to me, a sinner, that he actually gave his son to die for his enemies, I can not find words to express my gratitude. At the same time I am astonished that I have these feelings while unregenerate." Page after page, she wrote me in answer to my appealing letters, but her timid, doubting spirit could not fully trust the apparently reasonable arguments in favor of the ultimate happiness of mankind. In answer to one of my letters she said, "When I read portions of your letter to Augustus, his joy was scarcely within bounds. Every word expressed the feelings of his heart."

This was my first knowledge of his emancipation from the old orthodoxy. He too had found liberty in the West.

I did not realize the critical state of my friend's health until I was shocked by a letter from her brother announcing her death.

Now the main purpose of this writing is to give his words:

"Our common Father has called our beloved sister home. She has done with the trials of mortality and entered upon the rest remaining for 'the weary and heavy laden' pilgrim of earth and heir of heaven. The tears that fell upon her grave were tears of selfish sorrow. We wept for what we had lost, but in my bosom, at least, there was a feeling of exultation at the thought of what she had gained. The fearful, doubting, timid spirit which hardly dared to hope that 'God is love' is now raised to the full fruition of that love in which faith and hope are lost. Possessed of an ardent temperament, and of the tenderest sensibility, her mind was even open to the liveliest emotions either of grief or joy. Of the warmth and constancy of her friendship, I need say nothing to you, her constant and confidential friend. Her spirit was one to bloom like a flower of Eden and impart the fragrance of Paradise to life. But, while we mourn our loss, we can but rejoice that the cold blasts of mental adversity can no longer sweep over her soul, that she is now *at rest* where no doubts or fears can ever trouble her gentle spirit." Twenty years later, in a letter, referring to his sister, Mr. Conant wrote:

"This life we are living daily is *eternal* life. The experiences of childhood and youth are part of our life and consciousness which God has given to be ours forever. They are no less beautiful and dear to us now than they were twenty or thirty years ago. If any change has been wrought by time, it has been only to mellow

(*Concluded on page 205.*)

# Church Door Pulpit.

## Worship.

A Discourse Delivered at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 28th, 1892, by Charles D. B. Mills.

Part II.

But silently, even as far back as the time of the undisputed sway of the old Judaism, a change was coming to the minds of the more earnest and reflective among the Hebrews. With a juster, worthier idea of God, the *ethical* is more seen and emphasized. Some of the Hebrew prophets discerned clearly here, and spoke with commanding power. He hath shown thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord, thy God, require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?—I desire mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God, more than burnt offerings.—Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings. Cease to do evil, learn to do well.

Jesus said, God is a spirit, and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. He also quotes with approval the words from an old prophet, I will have mercy and not sacrifice. Character before rite, or any placatory offering.

Looking in another section of history we find that the old philosophers of Greece attained the finer perception. Pythagoras declared that in his view the Supreme One was "in substance like light, in nature like truth." One of the disciples of that master affirmed that "when men present *themselves* they offer the most acceptable sacrifice." From that time on we find utterances, one here another there, showing the gradual enlarging of the mind. Spinoza declares for one reality, he names it substance, immanent in all, pervading all. The laws are self-executive, and instant in their sanctions. Virtue is its own reward, vice its own punishment.

But ameliorations in men's material and physical condition were requisite, were vitally essential, in order that this larger, grander amelioration might come. Steffens said, "The religious opinions of men rest on their views of nature." You will not find a broad and free view in religion, say in thought of deity with a narrow, contracted, or hampered science. Astronomy in the old world was a dream, a child's fiction. To the Jew the firmament was a solid cope, in which the stars were set for lights to earth, the fountains of the rains were stored beyond, and in that space o'er solid firmament, o'er the fixed and not far-distant sky, dwelt Jehovah on his awful throne, in the pomp, state, magnificence of an oriental potentate. As the astronomy, so the religious ideas; the latter rested on the former. So was the most High conceived and worshiped in the fifteen centuries of Christian history. It has been said that Copernicus coming took his seat from under the mediæval God. Unconsciously and without design he overthrew the Hebrew, and from that the Christian idea of deity. New heavens were disclosed and these made all things new. There must be a concept of God to correspond to the larger science, that was beginning to perceive that we are embosomed in immensity whose center is everywhere, the circumference nowhere, that the Supreme One is not the personal monarch, the little petty king conceived by Jew, but a pervading presence, invisible, beyond conception of loftiest mind, revealed and resplendent in *law*.

From that hour to this science has strided on, enlarging the horizon, emancipating men's thought, and bringing a revolution both in the theoretical and the practical in religion, beyond all approach hitherto in history. As Emerson says, "The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his church shrivel like dried leaves at the door of the observatory, and a new and healthful air regenerates the human mind and imparts a sympathetic enlargement to its inventions and methods."

"Science corrects the old creeds; sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms, and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses."

Accordingly we find a great philosopher like Fichte in Germany in the closing years of the eighteenth century, in deepest convictions of his nature denying that God as a particular substance, that is, as we might say, as individualized deity, exists. There is, he declares, a *moral order* in the world, and that rules the universe; all things are built upon that as their true ideal, to ends of use, of beauty, of excellence; the good action prospers, the bad action must fail; never and nowhere can it be otherwise in all the realms of infinitude. Denounced and expatriated as an atheist for so bold and so manful an utterance, his thought has taken hold more and more in the intelligent and the thoughtful world, from that day to this. In our own time we hear our great countryman, whose name I lately repeated, saying, "Of that ineffable essence we term spirit, he that thinks most will say least. When we try to define himself, *i. e.*, God, both language and thought desert us, and we are helpless as children and savages." "A man's belief in the perfectness of the divine justice," he says again, and much later, "is the measure of his culture." "Whose voice," says Carlyle, speaking of the Supreme One, or as the Russian poet sings, "being whom we call God, yet know no more," "whose voice *is* every noble and genuine impulse of our souls."

Thus does the spirit of man after ages on ages of toilful marching across the desert of darkness, of ignorance, superstition and sin, come at length to the pure and ethereal concept, the ripest fruit thus far of human thought. The mind rises from belief in person, in individualized deity, to recognition of presence, presence that is greater and more than person; from outer to inner and inmost; from mandate of personal and arbitrary command, to authority of ethical law. It passes out and away from artificial to natural; out from mythology to science; from ceremonial or ritualistic observance to moral obedience; or again from darkness to light; from bondage to freedom.

Thus does the soul attain to an idea that is fitting and worthy, that is free from the limitary and therefore false, as it attempts to approach, to apprehend the divine. Casting behind all attempt to grasp or apprehend God as sensuous or personal it beholds Him as the One whose dwelling is immensity, whose temple the living Universe, whose breath is the breeze, whose eye-beam the sheen of the star, whose face is the unnumbered forms of beauty throughout the world, whose revelation is reason; whose ritual, virtue; whose incarnation, man. Into that fane of the pure worship of Truth and Beauty, idolater's footstep can not enter.

I need not enlarge to describe the effect which this thought once well apprehended will produce in religion. Greater than the Copernican revolution in astronomy, will be the revolution wrought in this larger astronomy of the heavens of the invisible. Greater than the Lutheran reformation, nay than the transformation wrought by Christianity itself, the reformation effected, made inevitable by this idea. The center is changed, all things revolve around a new and worthier central sun than had been seen or known before. Scripture will be recognized, not the authoritative and arbitrary utterance in some book, the willful and exacting mandate of some person or being without, some sovereign and jealous monarch in remote skies or mythological heaven, where he rules in gorgeous state, surrounded by all the appointments of a coarse, barbaric splendor, and demanding implicit acceptance and abject obedience on pain of eternal damnation and death. Scripture is the writing to be read primarily within, the inscription on the inner being of the soul, the engraved letter on man's inmost and quenchless consciousness; all outer word to be held subordinate, secondary, partial, a transcript, more or less clear or dim, as may be, from that writing oldest, deepest, highest in the nature of man. The Bible of human origin fully, has gems of priceless worth, rays of wisdom of purest beam indeed, but carries on its every page traces of human limitation, marks of the infirmity, of the false or unworthy concept of the divine, of nature and human destiny, that belong to the generations and the ages in which it had its birth. Truth is the Scripture, be it spoken when or where it may, armed with authority within itself, and speaking to responsive throb and accent in the inner soul. God's voice in the world is wide as the uttered perception of the seeing and religious mind, and his Bible is the volume drawn from all lands and times, always undergoing revision and correction, and never finished. The final apocalypse of vision can never be written until the race has matured, and the last generation has recorded its ripened wisdom on things divine.

*Prayer*, the aspiration of the soul towards the highest and best, its union in thought, in love, with the infinite one. It has no need to seek expression for this in words; it will be at times within, a fellowship, a communion too deep, too sweet for words. It carries in itself the answer to its petition, feels the enrichment and the blessing coming in, in the uplifting, the sacred trust and dedication of the soul to the supreme, the reality that transcends and overarches all. There is no need to seek to bring Heaven near; that presence is always near; within the heart and inmost being, and enriches with fullest measure of light, strength and joy, the mind in its lifting up in aspiration and thirst after the better and the more.

"Tell him his longing is itself an answering cry,
And in his 'Allah come,' there lies a 'Here am I!'
Every aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

Do you find that with all your seeking, you do not gain the response you crave and implore? Go out from yourself and do something, serve somebody, lift a spirit that is drooping and ready to fall, take hold and save some unfortunate, hampered, despairing soul; go into a haunt of destitution, filth, degradation and vice even, or into some bagnio, where you will find spirits in prison, and spirits also perverted, debauched, lost as would seem, even to sense of shame, throw yourself in thought into that condition, and study, toil, wrestle to win and rescue some wronged enslaved child, or even some willing, confirmed daughter of guilt and nameless vice; and you shall feel the answer, in the flow of the infinite beneficence descending into and irrigating all the dry and sterile places in your being. I have heard Frede Douglass say that when he was a s in Maryland, he often prayed tha might gain his liberty, prayed never found that he could see response. The bondage held still. But by and by he was mi to pray with his legs; he began instantly felt the answer coming r down; he was free. Your own pr you must in important degree an for yourself.

"Ask ye how I o'erpassed the dreary p
(between myself and the Lost On
One step beyond myself, and no
beside."

And worship, what shall we sa *worship?* Long has it been beli the appellation and oblation to a sonal, a realistic and very limi deity. Partial, capricious, wanto the freaks of his will, he can onl brought near by a costly and r sumptuous sacrifice, such only as fits the style and state of an abso all sovereign potentate. To the ple thought men come at length, was uttered by the Pythagorean ago: "When men present themsel they offer the most acceptable sa fice." When they perceive the in all pervasive presence, whose voic Truth, whose mandate is Duty, wh nature, whose very soul is excelle the irradiatious from whose beam face are the rays of the beautiful the ideal perfect, as these pervade inspire the inmost spirit, then s men bow and burn a sweet ince perpetually in a higher grander t ple than has been seen on earth fore.

The soul beholds God revealed the verities of the ideal. "The la the good laws themselves are ali they know if he have kept th they animate him with the leadin great duty, and an endless horizo These verities are the Shekinah God, the angel of *His* presence, sole manifestation known to us, possible of Himself. Through th the radiance of His face, the soul His soul, His very eye, the accents His speech, the very breath of being, revealed to us.

*Worship*,—what is it? It is ch the life, the health of the soul. I the heavenly hilarity of the spi that keeps it always in sweetness strength and love. It is the open of the being to truth, that this n unimpeded warm, animate, and rich all the chambers and the curre of its inmost life. It is the intend of the mind, bending it sedulously the pursuit of knowledge, of verities, glad if it may, to rece them all. It is persistence that ne relinquishes its work, that foll amid darkness, discourageme storm, whatever adverse or insup able may betide or befall,—follows the farthest end. It is trust inext guishable, a belief that holds, t hopes against hope, and will ne surrender its birthright of vision of quenchless faith. It is living the heights, amid the darkest ho enduring as seeing the invisible. is patience. It is peace, deep, st flowing like the gentle river, wh current always moving, resistless its power, bears a surface so smo and restful that it reflects and rep duces to the eye the calm and glory of sun and stars.

Finally, it is the spirit of growth progress, dedication supreme to th counting nothing so great or valua nay, counting all things nought side the advance of the mind to n heights of knowledge, possessi power, continually, the nature wit to new attainments of self-conqu and character without end. This worship, true, inner, vital, so hea ful, so real, so ever-living and expa ing, it shall always be young, and never pass away; and it is wors that involves necessarily no appe

ion to personal deity, has no limitation as from the anthropomorphic concept; it is laying the soul in absolute dedication, repose, trust upon the supreme real and everlasting.

Persons sometimes say to me, This is cold, has not the warmth or strength required for the spirit that feels its need of companionship, sympathy, a personal support amid its tasks, trials, sorrows. We want a God to whom we can go and pour out all our griefs, whose hand we can feel, whose voice we can hear, whose heartbeat of affection, of love, we can know, in the troubles, the temptations, the discouragements of our life. You have here taken away my Lord, and I know not where ye have laid him. So I suppose in the ages of the past, men have felt, when any rude shock was brought to their old beliefs by an advance in thought, the coming in of a worthier idea of the divine. When for an example the gross idolater, bowing before an image in abject worship paid to some visible form as itself very deity, was admonished that this was but form, that it was in itself lifeless image and no God at all, and that it had become to him a blinding and enslaving fetish — he became as Laban when his teraphim were stolen, and exclaimed, Ye have taken away my gods and what have I left? So has it been in all ages of history; the mind clings to its accustomed beliefs, becomes wedded to its *eidolon*, refuses to accept obediently the law of its growth, and the advance all comes amid resistance, and by shocks. Must not the progress in the past, which has, one after another, cut away the concepts and beliefs that were limitary, unworthy, and carried up from sensuous to spiritual, from the mythology to science, bear on from this devotion such as we see to the idea of personal, individualized, and anthropomorphic, to the transcendent, ethereal, and infinite?

Enough will there be found here for the sentiment, for the affections. Enough for the solace and support of the soul in all the dark passages and sore trials of life, in the consciousness that it is embosomed and held in the supreme beneficence, that betide or befall what may, no harm can come, only good can fall. Enough for the sentiment in the recognized vision, the revealed effulgence and face of the Infinite in this world of time. *Immanuel, God with us*, the pious hearts exclaimed as they beheld the Babe, born into the bosom of Mary, and read the prophecy in the face of the child. *God with us*, in the dear ones we know, in the companions of our home, and in the friendships that greet and gladden; in the faces that beam, and the voices whose tones are music to the ear. Symbols these, impressive, radiant, living, the breathing, palpable presence of the beauty, the beneficence, beyond all conception, or vision, or bound, in the skies. I sometimes, sitting beside the loved ones in the quiet and repose of the home, behold the forms transfigure before me, the faces become as they surely shall be; the essential, the invisible only abiding, the mortal putting on immortality, sublimating in eternal; I see only the inner and real, soul, substance, the friend of my friend,—and I exclaim, How solemn, how reverend is this here and now; surely He was in this place, and I knew it not. This is none other than house of God, and gate of Heaven. Well may the soul bow and adore in thought of the meaning that lies hid in these pictures of time, this all beautiful and unspeakably sacred mystery, the divine in the human. Well may it enjoy and appropriate tremulously thankful this priceless present revelation clear and most distinct possible to any one of us, of unseen and invisible God. Surely here in this fact that touches us nearest, yet overarches and stretches ever beyond in this present and in all our future, is enough for the reverence to worship, enough for study to explore and to master to the end of the longest life. And the problem of the acquisition and maturing of character, the attainment of perfect possession amid the varied experiences of our being and history, is one that literally has no limit; knows nor goal or bound.

So have we taken a brief glance over the course of man's history, in one province of his nature. We have seen something of the wrestling, the struggle of his spirit over the most perplexing, most subtle problem ever brought to the mind, the true idea, the apprehension of God, the relation of his soul to deity. It has been a long and tedious ascent, and the height is not yet gained. We may say of religion as an old Roman apothegm declared, "It was born from fear." It is to culminate in love. It was sown in weakness, it is being raised in power. It was based, rested in the senuous, with all the dark and gross imaginings of barbarism and savagery; it is to rise to the pure perception of truth, to the exalted verities of the ideal. It has been the weakness, the infirmity, the shame of humanity. It is to be the glory, the bright consummate flower, the final attainment and crown of its highest life.

These, I think, are to be of the essential symbol of faith, the Oriflamme, borne by the advancing tribes of men who shall go on to the conquest of the world; the infinitude of Truth; the transcendence of God; the exhaustless of virtue; the immensity of the stores of knowledge, opening to the mind and inviting it to full possession; the worship of the ideal Perfect, the absolute object, the goal of man's being. By this sign shall men conquer; on this rock, immovable, more solid and enduring than any book, or person, or history even, as the foundation for faith, shall the church of humanity be built.

Historians of culture tell us that the growth in society in the sphere of industrial art, in knowledge, in science, has gone on in geometrical ratio, especially in the recent decades of our century. It will hold true of late in the realm of religious thought. Parallel with man's liberation industrially, with his advance in the practical knowledges, in science is his growth in that part of his mind which deals with the problems of faith. The stars in their courses are fighting against Sisera. The fate of the old theologies is sealed. The foundations are breaking up. The walls of the immense dungeon which superstition and fear have built, wherein we have all been immured, and so many are still held in chains, are tottering, and erewhile all shall be raised to the ground. The appearance within the pale of the Presbyterian church of such a Protestant as Professor Briggs, a name honored and loved in that communion, an eminent teacher in a prominent school of the prophets, bearing as he does a protest not broad, but earnest and of vital import, witnessing for the rights of the intellect in the sphere of Biblical inquiry and search, and awaking such response, showing that the thought has already been stirred and carried to a measure of emancipation in the bosom of that old, very conservative and seemingly fossilized body—is a typical fact, reveals in common with others of like kind in the kindred sects, that the spirit of God is powerfully moving on the face of the waters, the chains are breaking, and minds in the inclosure of the antiquated and desiccated faiths are resolved to begin at least to be free.

Every stroke of the piston, every pulsation that throbs along the sensitive wire that goes over the lands and under the sea, every rail-car that flies, every boat that furrows the main, and especially every revolution of the cylinder that strikes in print the waiting sheet, every messenger that carries this on wings of wind to the end of earth, is working for the enfranchisement of man. They are the strong angels of his deliverance, they bring the day-dawn of the perfected life of his soul's being.

I have sometimes thought that the positive, the ritual and formal in religion will all pass away. The perception and the life will be all. Every act will be sacramental, and bring the benediction of observance, of deed back to the doer. Ceasing to seek God as person, it will behold him as principle, the reality, the truth of all. Ceasing to demand to know him as individualized, as tangible and palpable, it will perceive him more and more as law; it will quickly rise to the holy of holies of his presence on the ladder of symbol, mirror and radiance of God, unseen manifested, revealed to eye in the seen. Through Truth, Beauty, Excellence, the everlasting Goodness and Right, it will hold converse and communion with him, will see him face to face and eye to eye. It will worship him in vision of the true and perfect, in pursuit unending of the moral ideal.

So is man to attain his spiritual majority, to reach and become seized of his great estate.

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(*Continued from page 203.*)

the picture, smooth its outlines and give depth and richness to the coloring. And may we not believe it will be so when we pass on, with regard to this whole earthly life? We shall still keep all the beautiful and blessed memories, not only mature life, but of youth and childhood.

"It is thus I think of my long-ago sister, the beautiful and tender spirit that so early passed away from earth. She knows now the truth of those glorious promises her timid heart dared not accept here below, and basks in the full sunshine of a loving Father's smile.

A. H. CONANT."

## The Study Table.

*The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.*

### Theodore Parker's Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man.

Years ago, when the writer was a young Divinity student at Meadville and later at Cambridge, one of his favorite books of devotion was the delightful volume of extracts from Theodore Parker's Sermons, taken down at the time of their delivery and later published by his faithful friend Rufus Leighton under the title "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man." The intellectual virility and sturdy independence, but, above all, the strong religious quality of these "Lessons," their unfaltering trust in God and cheerful outlook on the world, the steady faith in man's spiritual possibilities as a child of God, together with the manly hatred of all that is hateful and base in human nature and society, which they display made a profound impression on the young student—an impression which has lasted until this day. Other compilations have been made displaying more fully perhaps Parker's abilities as a thinker and scholar. But in this early volume Parker *breaches* with an emotional power, a direct, personal appeal to the conscience and heart, as in no other volume bearing his name.

It is with singular gratification therefore, that I receive from the publishers, Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co., the announcement that they have republished this admirable work, long out of print, in an inexpensive form.* It ought to have a large circulation. If I were asked, in particular, to recommend a book best suited to be placed in the hands of a young man or woman of radical tendencies, a book which should not do violence to their intellectual freedom and critical opinions, and yet confirm their religious instincts, their spiritual trusts and hopes, their wrath at evildoing, their consecration to the good and the true, I would name "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man." Let me earnestly commend it to parents and teachers of liberal faith, and suggest to our pastors that it is admirably adapted for a parting gift to the graduating members of their confirmation classes. In the latter case it would seem to meet a long-felt want on our part. It will also serve a useful purpose in the conduct of our guild services.

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

*Cloth, gilt top, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.

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*Essays on Literature and Philosophy.* By Edward Caird, M. A., LL. D. Macmillan & Co.

All of the essays and papers in these two handsome volumes have been published before and all of them are worthy of republication. The entire second volume is taken up with two articles on Cartesianism and Metaphysics. These reproduce the well known qualities of Dr. Caird's mind, heretofore most liberally shown in his "Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant," a criticism strongly tinged with the method of Hegel. The essays in the first volume are all with one exception, personal studies, but not biographical. They are studies of the thought of Dante and Goethe and Wordsworth and Rousseau and Carlyle. The exception is an essay on "The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time." The personal studies are sympathetic, seeking what is most characteristic and best in each subject. The essay on Dante treats of his relation to the theology and ethics of the Middle Age, and perhaps it seemed all the better for being read in conjunction with the much longer and extremely wordy essay of Father Ozarias, which has recently been published in a volume of his essays. It is such essays as these of Dr. Caird which sometimes make us wonder if "the gay science," the science of criticism, is not the queen of all the 'sciences,' and whether the final cause of the great authors is not to be found in those who write about them with so much intelligence.

### Periodicals.

THE *Atlantic* opens with a poetical tribute to Shelley, in celebration of his one hundredth anniversary, August 4th, 1892. Edward Everett Hale contributes the first two parts of series of reminiscent articles on "A New England Boyhood." There is another Greek study from Mr. Lawton, "The Persians of Eschylos," and Miss Scudder continues her interesting essay on "The Prometheus Unbound." The fiction of the number is supplied by Mr. Crawford in "Don Orsino" and in the conclusion of "A Florentine Episode," by Ellen Olney Kirk. Other contributions, both prose and verse, maintain the usual standard of this monthly.

THE main feature of the August *Arena* is a symposium on Woman's Clubs in which Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells writes on "The Boston Club Woman," Mrs. May Wright Sewell on "The Federation of Clubs," Dr. Julia Holmes Smith on "The Woman's Club as an Agent of Philanthropy," etc. A portrait of Mrs. Livermore appears as frontispiece, with an article on "Twenty-five Years on the Platform." Louise Chandler Moulton presents the reader with "A Rare Letter from Mrs. Browning," and talks agreeably on the same. Gail Hamilton, Hon. W. T. Ellis, M. C., Hon. Geo. F. Williams, and Senator Jas. H. Kyle talk, respectively from the Republican, the Democrat (Southern and Northern), and the People's point of view on "The Pending Presidential Campaign." Helen M. Gardner discusses "The Dangers of an Irresponsible Educated Class in a Republic," and Miss Willard writes on "The Coming Brotherhood." Francis Russell contributes a fresh installment of his peculiar ideas on the Dress of Women, and . Underwood appears in a story, entitled Woman's Case

THE Duke of Argyll writes the leading article for the *North American Review*, on "English Elections and Home Rule." Another, conspicuously heralded in large type on the cover, is a review of Conway's Life of Thomas Paine, by Colonel Ingersoll, written in a more eulogistic than critical vein. Two political essays are supplied from the pens of ex-Speaker Reed and Senator John T. Morgan on "Two Congresses Contrasted," and "Party Conventions." Among the remaining contents are "The Shudder in Literature" by Jules Claretie, "Our Recent Floods," by Major Powell, a rambling, disconnected essay, by Gail Hamilton, called "The Point of View," another word on that topic that is getting tiresome, "London Society," by another titled contributor, "Lady" Frances Balfour. Giovanni Amadi writes on "The Pope at Home," and Archibald Forbes continues his study of "Abraham Lincoln as a Strategist." The department of "Notes and News" is of the usual quality and interest.

THE August number of the *Review of Reviews* contains a character sketch of Mr. Grover Cleveland, written by Mr. George F. Parker, who has recently edited Mr. Cleveland's speeches, official messages and other utterances. The sketch follows the well-received article on President Harrison, written for the July *Review of Reviews* by General Thomas J. Morgan. Another article is a sharp attack upon "Cahenslyism," by a prominent American Catholic editor, who declares that within a certain wing of the Catholic church, there has been, and is a most unworthy conspiracy to prevent the Americanization of European emigrants to this country. The article upon University Education for Women, discusses some European tendencies, and gives interesting facts about the progress of women in the University of Zurich. "How to Learn a Language in Six Months," one of the most popular articles in the July *Review*, is followed up this month by an essay by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, who fully indorses the doctrines set forth in the first article. Another feature of this number is an account of the Spanish Infanta's Royal Charity Album, which she has just published in the interest of an orphan asylum. It contains contributions from the crowned heads and noble families of all parts of Europe. By consent of the young editress a number of illustrations are produced.

THE current number of the *Jenness-Miller Illustrated Monthly* contains a number of interesting articles worthy of mention, among them being Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Nurses in the Sick Room," Music and Voice Culture," by the Baroness Anna Von Meyerinck, and "Proper Food for Children," by Dr. Mary F. Russell. It also announces a "Portfolio of Instructions," entitled "Mother and Babe," to be ready in August, which will contain some much needed advice on sensible clothing for the wee one, as well as for the mother. Too little attention is given to baby's "dress reform."

THE last number of the *International Journal of Ethics* completes the second volume of this excellent quarterly. The leading article in this number is "Natural Selection in Morals." In it the author emphasizes the fact that "survival of the fittest" does not necessarily imply universal competition in the economic sense of the word. Nature selects first between individuals and then between societies. And that society which protects its individuals may be selected by nature, may be victorious in the battle of life. Mr. Sheldon, of St. Louis, gives a practical paper on the relation of the pulpit to the labor problem. He thinks the preacher should not take sides but should rather explain each side to the other. Mr. Carneri holds that "the founding of a new religion is in complete contradiction to the increasing progress of science," and that those who hope for it "place faith above knowledge." If he had written "place faith *beyond* knowledge" he would have described a large and increasing class who, like Herbert Spencer, find something beyond the knowledge science gives in which they place an instinctive faith—that Unknowable which gives character and value to all that is known.

THE *Monist* is interesting and suggestive, as all of Dr. Carus's publications are. Nearly a fourth of this number is taken up with a discussion between Dr. Carus and Herbert Spencer in regard to the real teaching of Kant. Of course only the special student of the great German philosopher can judge the merits of the case. But everyone can see that no man has any right to criticise the views of another, without having first read them in the original. Therefore Spencer, who has done this, is morally wrong whether he is technically wrong or not.

WE understand the University of Chicago has arranged with D. C. Heath & Co., publishers, of Boston, to take complete charge of its publishing department, who will make their headquarters at Chicago. The University *Press* will have three departments—the printing department, with its own type, including fonts of Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Sanscrit, German, mathematical and scientific type; the book and apparatus department, which will buy all the books, material and presses necessary; and the publishing department, which will publish one daily, two or three weekly, and any number of monthly and quarterly papers.

## The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

**The Free Trade Struggle in England.** By M. M. Trumbull. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 288. Price, 75 cts. Paper, 25 cts.

**Columbus: An Epic Poem.** By Samuel Jefferson. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 239. Price, $1.25.

**The Prison Question.** By C. H. Reeve. Chicago: Knight & Leonard Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 194. Price, $1.25.

**Emma.** 2 vols. By Jane Austen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Half Russia. 16mo. Price, $1.50.

**Paganism Surviving in Christianity.** By Abram Herbert Lewis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 309. Price, $1.75.

## Notes from the Field.

**Headquarters.**—The publisher of UNITY, who was holding the fort alone on the day our last issue went to press, enjoyed a pleasant visit from Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Oakland, California, who was on his way home after a short European tour. Mr. Wendte expressed great pleasure at the reissue in Chicago of Theodore Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," and wrote then and there the article which appears over his name in another column.

**Andover, N. H.**—The fall term of Proctor Academy will begin September 5th. During the summer vacation, steam heating appliances will be supplied in the boarding hall. This academy furnishes education at a rate of tuition considerably below the cost, the deficiency being contributed by friends of the Unitarian Educational Society.

**Duluth, Minn.**—The Unitarian Society of this city, has been having a series of Summer services, covering five Sundays, held by the Rev. W. A. Pratt, of Keokuk, Iowa. These services have been well attended and much enjoyed. Mr. Pratt will finish his vacation with friends at the East.


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CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM THE MOSAIC MORALITY.

1. From the Negative to the Positive.
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DEPARTURE FROM THE GRÆCO-ROMAN MORALITY.

1. From the Interest of the Fortunate to that of the Unfortunate; and herein:

(a) From the Rich to the Poor.
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(e) From the Bold to the Meek.
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2. From the Interest of Self to that of Others; and herein:

(a) From the Individual to his Fellows.
(b) From Family to Neighbors.
(c) From Friends to Strangers.
(d) From Country to the World.

3. From Hardiness to Kindliness; and herein:

(a) From Indifference to Love.
(b) From Revenge to Forgiveness.
(c) From Opposition to Non-Resistance.
(d) From Interest'd to Disinterest'd Benevolence.

**Some Opinions of the Press.**

*Chicago Daily News:*—Mr. Bierbower's book affords an admirable example of the scientific treatment of a historical subject. He has carefully analyzed the old world ethical systems which chiefly concern the modern civilized world, and in this book he has so classified the elements revealed by that analysis as to give them a high scientific value. His book is almost as systematic as a treatise upon one of the exact sciences, and stands in fine contrast to the rambling ethical discussions of which we hear so much and which leads us nowhere. How systematically Mr. Bierbower has gone to work appears from the very opening passage of the book. He attacks his subject directly and without any preliminary flourish. * * * If all authors were to state their theses as clearly as Mr. Bierbower has stated his, readers might be able to practice a great economy. * * * Mr. Bierbower begins in a way so attractive to the scientific sense, and deals with so interesting a subject, that few will be likely to lay it aside after the perusal of the introductory paragraphs above quoted. The systematic treatment which is thus given at the very start is kept up to the end.

*N. Y. Independent:*—That Mr. Austin Bierbower has produced a remarkably suggestive and striking treatise in his recent *Morals of Christ* is not affected by our inability to go with him to the full length of all his conclusions. * * * On the whole, Mr. Bierbower has done the thing which needed to be done. He has made an impressive and in all ways suggestive comparison of Christian morality with ancient secular ethics, and has shown that the comparison is not only in favor of Jesus, but that his teaching is essentially new and unworldly, and that it contains elements which imply more than transcendant moral illumination. Mr. Bierbower thinks and writes with a freshness that is all his own.

*Christian Register* (Boston):—Written in a clear, intelligent style and with an earnestness of purpose that at once commands attention; * * * full of matter both suggestive and readable.

*Atlantic Monthly:*—An interesting and forcible little book in which the author undertakes to differentiate Christ's morality from the Jewish or childish, the Pharisaic or ecclesiastic, and the Græco-Roman or worldly. Much of the discrimination is of value.

*Inter Ocean:*—The book is remarkable for its uniqueness as well as high literary character. Whatever may be the personal opinions of the author upon any debatable point of theology and philosophy, he has discussed his subject without the slightest dogmatism. One would have said that a book devoted to the founder of the Christian religion would of necessity clash with the theological views of some of the countless schools of theology, ranging as they do from the implicit faith of a Moody to the absolute negation of an Ingersoll. This avoidance of theological controversy does not appear to have been specially sought by the author. On the contrary, he evidently wrote with the utmost freedom. He simply adhered with unswerving fidelity to the subject in hand, and as a consequence, steered clear of rocks and sand bars. It may well be doubted if another so thoroughly non-controversial work on Christ's teachings can be found in the entire range of the literature of the Christian era.

*The Critic* (N. Y.):—The book is one of great suggestiveness * * * written in an attractive style and with much literary grace.

*The Universalist:*—The rich suggestiveness of Mr. Bierbower's book is its chief value to the Christian student. Many a text of Scripture loses its dryness and fairly sparkles with meaning when viewed through the author's mind.

*Chicago Times:*—From the pen of Austin Bierbower, from whom whatsoever is published is sure to be both incisive and interesting. * * * The whole is written in a crisp, epigrammatic way that serves to keep the reader's interest closely through the whole inquiry. * * * For the most part they (the reasonings) are distinguished by great acuteness of analysis and complete fairness of statement. * * * Disassociated altogether from questions of orthodoxy, there are few works more marked by strong good sense, and which so clearly set forth the plan and value of Christ's teachings in the advancement of the race.

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*Sun.*—We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken.

*Mon.*—Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection.

*Tues.*—Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed.

*Wed.*—Shall I not be as real as the things I see?

*Thurs.*—A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.

*Fri.*—Conversation is an evanescent relation, no more.

*Sat.*—True love cannot be unrequited.

—*Emerson.*

## Little Miss Dandelion.

I'm the first dandelion
  In all the meadow wide,
Not one could get up earlier,
  Although so many tried.
I know they all were trying,
  For that's one way you know,
To see who dares stir out the first
  When vanishes the snow.

I put my yellow gown on
  About the first of March,
All ready for the first warm day—
  Under a spreading larch.
A little neighbor buttercup
  Peered out about that time,
But sent back a quick telegram,
  "A very Artic clime."

I feared some foolish sister
  Would venture out too soon,
Be on the ground before me,
  And hear the first bird's tune.
But I waited till the moment
  When I heard a bluebird sing,
Then raised my gay umbrella,
  And shouted "It is Spring."

And in a day the meadow
  Was robed in cloth of gold,
So quickly all responded
  When the welcome news was told.
And when the birds above us
  Their happy carols sing,
We flaunt our yellow banners
  And encore, "It is Spring."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

## Erma's Mittens.

"Hi! ho! what's all this!" said Ralph, looking into the room where Erma lay in a forlorn little heap on the lounge.

She lifted her pink, tear-stained face, and looked at him.

"I guess you would cry if you were as little as me and everything went topsy-turvy."

"Maybe I would," said Ralph. "It's a very cryey world, I find. Kate was weeping profusely when I came through the kitchen, over a pan of onions; but all the same it is n't a good exercise."

Then the big brother tossed Erma up on his shoulder, gave her a ride around the room, and set her down again.

"Now, let's hear all about it," he said; "and, if it is anything curable, we'll cure it; if not, we'll bear it the best we can."

"It's the same old trouble," said the little girl, wiping her eyes.

"What! You have n't lost the mittens again? Well, that is bad. How did it happen?"

"I s'pose most likely I lost them yesterday when I played snowballing with Jacky; but I was sure I put them in my pocket."

"How many does that make?" asked Ralph.

"Why, Grandma Leland gave me some Thanksgiving, and I lost one, and mamma knit me a mate. Then I could n't find the other one, and mamma knit another, and then they both got lost together. Mamma said then she was discouraged, and I was too, but the very next day Grandma Allis sent me a pair."

"And now are those lost, too?" Ralph inquired, with the least bit of a smile.

"No," said Erma. "I could n't find those in my cloak pocket one night at school where I left them. I s'pose somebody must have stolen them. Then mamma bought me these, and she said, if they were lost I would have to have some sewed to a cord and wear it round my neck, just like a baby. Oh dear! nobody knows how careful I've been, and I've kept them a long time—ever since my birthday. And I never can wear 'em 'round my neck—never!" And the little broken-hearted lassie buried her face in the cushion again.

"Hold on, this will never do!" said Ralph. "Look up, and see if we can't make a bargain. You have kept the last mittens a long time—almost a month—and I'll get you another pair if you'll promise not to cry for two weeks, unless you freeze your nose, or break you leg, or have something worth crying for."

"Of course I won't! Oh, you are the goodest brother! Can you get them now—this minute?"

"Yes; get your wraps on," said Ralph, "and put you hands in your muff."

Half an hour after they came into the sitting-room where the family were seated.

Erma's face was very bright, and on her hands were new mittens.

"Ralph bought them for me, mamma," she cried eagerly; "and he said, as they were a present, he did n't believe you would make me wear a cord round my neck! I'm going to keep these always."

Every one smiled, and mamma held up a pair of red mittens.

"O, mamma, where did you find them?" cried Erma.

"Uncle Jim came in after you were gone and brought them. He almost fed them to old Billy in a forkful of hay."

"Why, I must have lost them when Clarabel and I played on the haymow!" cried Erma.

"And this," said mamma, holding up one brown mitten, "Jacky found it in their yard when the snow had melted."

Just then the door opened, and Kate, the cook, looked in. She had a pair of mittens in her hand.

"An' sure I forgot to tell the chile I put them in the warming closet to dry," she said.

How they all laughed!

"Well, Erma, you've got well stocked up for the winter," said Ralph, when he could speak. "Three and a half pairs of mittens!" It will take you quite a while to lose all those."

"But I did n't lose the last pair, mamma!" cried the happy child. "It was Katie's blame, but I'll forgive her."

"Well, well!" said Grandma Leland from her cosy corner. "It does beat all! Here I've got another pair of mittens all done but narrowing off. I could n't think of letting the dear child go with cold fingers."

This time everybody laughed louder than before, but Erma hugged grandma till her spectacles fell off.—*Julia D. Peck, in Exchange.*

LITTLE Flaxen-hair: "Papa, it's raining." Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen-hair (timidly): "I was going to."—*Exchange.*


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## Publisher's Notes.

CHARLES H. KERR & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, announce for immediate publication a new novel—if novel it can be called—by Hudor Genone, author of "Inquirendo Island," to be entitled "The Last Tenet Imposed Upon the Khan of Tomathoz." The scene is laid in Central Asia in the fifteenth century, but there are numerous daring anachronisms, such as telephones, suburban trains, and real estate speculations. The Khan is a decidedly heavy villain, while the two heroes of the book are a pair of twins left orphans twenty-six years before the action of the story culminates. The baby with the blue ribbon is brought up to be a Christian missionary, while the baby with the pink ribbon becomes the vizier of the wicked Khan. Their contrasted destinies give the author material for a little reflection on election and predestination. As a whole, however the book contains little theology and much amusement. (Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.)

Another book just ready is "First Steps in Philosophy, Physical and Ethical," by William Mackintire Salter, late lecturer of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, now of the Philadelphia Society. The second part is a notable contribution to the discussion of ethical problems, in that it suggests a new basis of ethics as opposed to utilitarianism on one side and an alleged divine authority on the other. (Cloth, $1.00.)

Later in the season the same house will bring out a book entitled "No 'Beginning,' or The Fundamental Fallacy," by William H. Maple. The author takes the ground that a great proportion of the current superstitions in theology take their rise directly from the idea of a "creation" of the universe: He believes moreover t[illegible] surdity of this idea can be logical[illegible] Whether he makes out his thesis [illegible] left for his readers to judge; at all eve[illegible] among them some [illegible] is believed that his argument will be full of interest.

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The Central Route will sell Excursion tickets to the Agricultural Regions of the West, Southwest and South, at one fare for the Round Trip, from stations on its lines north of Cairo, on August 30th, and September 27th. A third excursion will be run to the South and Southwest on October 25th. Your Local Ticket Agent will give you full particulars in regard to these Harvest Excursions; arrangements can also be made in this connection to visit the desirable Railroad Lands for sale by the Illinois Central in Southern Illinois on obtaining special permission to do so by addressing the Company's Land Commissioner at Chicago, Mr. E. P. Skene. In addition, a few weeks before the first Excursion date, your Local Ticket Agent will be able to furnish you with a special Folder, issued by the Illinois Central, which will give you particulars of these Harvest Excursions in such form as will enable you to plan your journey at home. Should you not be within call of a railroad ticket agent, address A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Illinois Central R. R., Chicago, Ill.

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The announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to homeseekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments.

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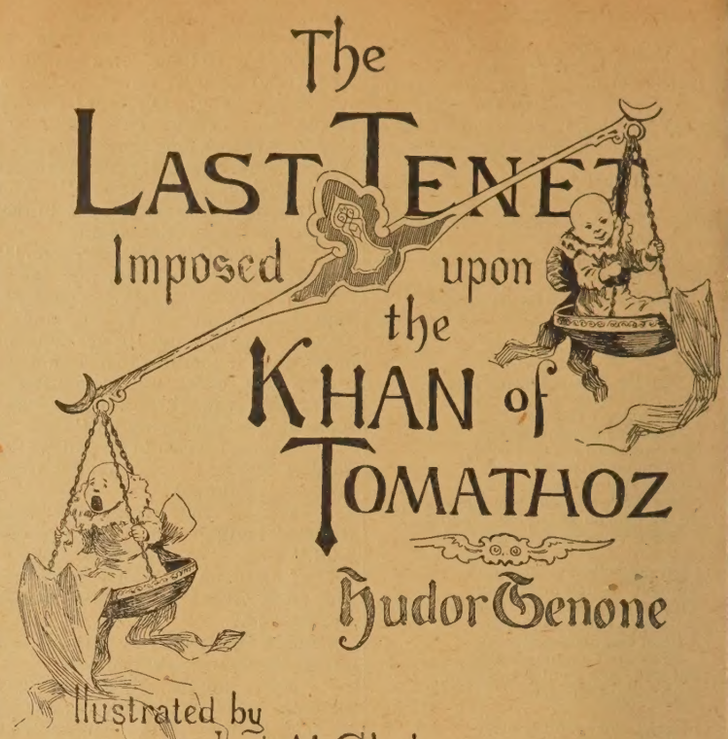


### CHAPTER I

IN WHICH THE STORY OPENS AUSPICIOUSLY

The kingdom of Tomathoz was situated somewhere in Asia—sou'-sou' east by a little sou' of where the Garden of Eden is popularly supposed t have been.

This is as near the precise location as I feel justified in venturing. T[illegible] some minds this will amply suffice—to others not so amply. To be thoroughly candid with you, I do not know where it was situated, and I have feeling that it is never well to be perfectly positive unless you know.

You observe that I say, "was situated," and I wish it distinctly under stood that the past tense is used on purpose; for now, alas! the kingdor has ceased to be. The land is still there—the real estate, the mountains an rivers, the plains and valleys, the vineyards and gardens, and even th palaces of the nobility—though these are mostly much out of repair. Bu the kingdom has vanished. For why?—A kingdom—a state—is constitute of men—high-minded men—and these have totally disappeared in tha vicinity.

However, do not let that bother you; it will not affect our story.

I. [illegible] on in October, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a couple of monkish missionarie intent upon doing good and convertin the heathen, crossed the lofty range o the Succotache mountains which then, a now, bounds the dominion of the Khan o Kawn on the east, and descending thei farther slope, arrived, after some adver tures, at the capital city of Tomathoz.

Now the Khan of Tomathoz was no only an excessively corpulent man, but h was exceedingly wicked, even for an east ern potentate. Surfeited with ordinar forms of vice, he had taken the bold, ba resolution to add one more iniquity to life already far too stained with guilt; h had resolved to begin the publication of new religious weekly; that is, if you can call a weekly religious which wa to be devoted to the propagation of Buddhistic tenets. Do not allow any thing I say to influence you—some think one way, some another.

This is not the beginning of a serial story in UNITY; but is presente to give some inadequate idea of the style of our latest book. "The Las Tenet" in paper will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents. A beautiful holida edition in cloth at $1.25 will be ready soon.

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